Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies
With the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a Cleargie man
Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of *Carleile.*
Bul. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Caſtle,
Through braſen Trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kiſſe king *Richards* hand.
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his Royall perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowres of blood,
Raind from the wounds of ſlaughtered Engliſhmen?
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch chriſmſon tempeſt ſhould be drencht,
The freſh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderlie ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the graſſie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyſe of threatning drumme,
That from this Caſtles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well peruſd.
Me thinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, He be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The Trumpet ſound, Richard a
Bull. See, ſee, King Richard
As doth the bluſhing diſconten
From out the fierie portall of t
When he perceiues the enuiou
To dimme his glorie, and to ſ
Of his bright paſſage to the O
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a K
As bright as is the Eagles, ligh
Controlling Maieſtie; alacke
That any harme ſhould ſtaine
King. We are amazd, and th
To watch the fearefull bending
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe th
And if we be, how dare thy ioyn
To pay their awefull dutie to o
If we be not, ſhew vs the hand
That hath diſmiſt vs from our
For well we know, no hand of b
Can gripe the ſacred handle of
Vnleſſe he do prophane, ſteale
And though you thinke that al
Haue torne their ſoules, by turn
And we are barren and bereft o
Yet know, my Maiſter GOD o
Is muſtering in his clouds on o
Armies of Peſtilence, and they
Your Children yet vnborne, a
That lift your vaſſaile hands ag
And threat the glorie of my pr
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me
That euerie ſtride he makes vp
Is dangerous treaſon: he is co
The purple Teſtament of blee
But ere the Crowne he lookes f
Ten thouſand bloody crownes
Shall ill become the flower of
Change the complexion of Ma